

INTERVIEW WITH SAM JONES

Oh, yes, all twenty two years that I was in the big leagues was all train travel. Only down in the minors about a month, you know. 1913 when I was one month in the minors at Zanesville, there was a big flood and then a big fire. After that we had to play out at the ~~fix~~ fair grounds which was inconvenient for people in those days. Streetcars, see would go out to the fair grounds, but they were way outside at the edge of town. Well, the crowds weren't very good and the manager said that I was one of the highest paid players on the team, and naturally the first to be let go. Some fellow had come up who was willing to pitch for \$100 and I was getting \$175 a month. Well, the manager says, I just hate to let you go but I'll have to do it, you know we're losing money here.

See I used to work in a grocery store here and when I went to high school, why I'd work in the grocery store in the evenings and on Saturdays. There was a man came in here from Zanesville, a baseball fan. We had a hotel up the street, in those days, and he'd sit around and listen to ballplayers talking about the games, you know, kids just out of high school. They'd talk about the pitching I done...I used to strike out 16 or 18 in a game. Always had good control. And he'd head them talk. Well, he

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fruit for the groceryman that I worked for. He asked me if I'd like to play baseball professionally. Well, I said, I don't know whether I would or not. However, I did ~~sign~~ go over to Zanesville and have a talk with them. Well, I signed up with the ballclub owner over in Zanesville.

To be honest with you, I think here, round in little municipalities like this, and others, they didn't know much about baseball. It didn't have a bad reputation. It didn't have any reputation. Course since the television and the radio come in, and everybody has one, baseball has become much much more popular. We ~~have~~ had people right here in our town that never knew what a baseball game was, hardly and those same people are rabid fans today. No, they didn't think anything of my going away to play baseball. Just a job, they thought, I guess. When I came back home here, why people accepted me all right.

Zanesville, we played on Sundays all right, but when I played with Boston, we didn't play on Sunday. That was back in '16. No Sunday baseball in **Boston**.

Yes, I was just home here two days from when they fired me at Zanesville when Columbus, who had two teams over here, the American Association club and the club in the Ohio Interstate League, with West-Virginia, and Penna. Well, Lea Foal, who later became the manager of the Cleveland Indians called

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me up. So I signed up with him, to go to Columbus. I was up there about a month, and the league blew up about the 15th of July! ^{John} Bobby Quinn, he was the business manager over at Boston for quite a while, his son is over with Phila., now, I believe. Well, John Quinn was the business manager over there in Columbus. Wonderful man. He wanted me to go down to Poursmouth Ohio. I says, no, I don't believe I want to play baseball anymore. I'd rather have my release to go home. He says, you don't need any release...the club blew up entirely and you're a free agent. Could have fooled me if he wanted to and kept me right there. But they wanted me to go down to another club.

Well, anyway I went home here and played a little semi-pro for a couple of weeks. The next spring, Billy Doyle, later a scout for the Detroit club, he and another fellow were the owners of a club down in Poursmouth (that was his home-town) and they had what they called the Billy Doyle Baseball School, down there. In 1914, I went down there. See they had a ballclub, was in the Ohio State League. I was just down there about a month, when a Cleveland scout by the name of Bill Reedy came down around there just when I happened to pitch. Well, I suppose he recommended me to the Cleveland club, and I went to Cleveland.

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Clelvand had two teams that year. Tony Summers, the owner, had taken over the Toledo franchise in the American Association. Called them the Cleveland Spiders. So I stayed with the Cleveland Indians there for about three weeks, I believe. And then when they went on a trip, they let me off to go to join the Cleveland Spiders. I stayed with them the rest of that year. I won 11 and lost 3 in the American Association there.

I pitched only curves and fast balls. That's all I knew. Mostly the fast ball. But I had a good curve. At least I thought it was good and I had a lot of folks tell me it was good, so I guess it was. You know I only had one little bit of trouble with my arm all 22 years in the big leagues: in 1925, with the Yankees, I had a sore arm. Won 14 games anyway. They sent me over to Rochester, to a bone setter. Lot of the players went there. Stayed two days and returned and pitched fine the rest of the time! I was 43 when I retired, you know. I don't know how to account for it. Course I'm not a drinker or anything. Only thing I do know is that I was just blest with a good arm....and I quit still with a good arm.

Yes, I grew up right here, down the street two blocks, here in Woodsfield. This is my grandfather's house. He and my uncle and then my father and then I owned this property. But I really built this house. ✓

Course I used to get up every morning real early to clean up and get ready the grocer's horse. But I don't think that kind of exercise would account for my arm, really!

Course I'm the only one's pitched for 22 ~~years~~ consecutive years in the American League. No one's ever done that before or since. I could have pitched a little longer, too. I had a good arm. The last game I pitched was probably as good a game as I ever pitched. Now, not from the standpoint of low score or low hits, or anything like that, but it was a good ball game and I struck out as amny hitters, I think, as I ever did in any game in my life. I think I struck out nine hitters that last game. 1935! Against the Detroit club and they won the pennant that year. That was a good club too. I always like to say that I ended up my baseball career against one of the very best right handers that ever played, and that was Mickey Cocheran. I struck Mickey out at the end of that ball game. He was a real good ^{catcher} ~~pitcher~~. He could do anything. He could run and he could throw and he could hit. Now he was stricktly a left anded hitter. As a receiver, though, nobody was better than Ray Schalk, as receiver. Ray had a good long arm, not strong, but he could get the ball away. Schalk could throw right on a dime. Corcoran was a good catcher, and he could do everything else a little bit better than most

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could.

Wally Schang caught me in the Yankees. Tremendous Arm. Could run
....good catcher, too, couldn't discard him among the top catchers.
300 hitter, too. So was Corcoran. But Schalk wasn't. But for handling
a pitcher, Schalk was the man. He could even catch Red Faber's spit ball,
and that would jump every which way, but Schalk would jump around and snare
that ball.

Now, I never saw this fellow Schreckendorg, that caught Rube Wadell.
Course I 've heard about Stuffy McInnis, too and Stuffy said that people
used to come out, fill the stands, unbelievable, just to see Wadell and
Schreck!

Steve O'Neill caught the first ball I ever pitched. I went up
to Cleveland and I was in the first game I ever saw in the American League.
But I don't remember ever being nervous. I was always like those horses
waiting in the stocks at a rodeo, just couldn't wait to get started. I
just couldn't keep still before a game, didn't know what to do before
I could go out there and warm out. Back and forth, going to the toilet,
coming back (thought you had to go to the toilet, but you didn't, you
know). But that wasn't what you'd call nervous. Just more like waitin
for to get in there.

On that Cleveland team we had some real good ones, you know. Joe Jackson was there, Willie Mitchell, a real good left hand pitcher, Steve O'Neill, Chuck Turner, Frank Landing, Ray Chapman, Wamby came a year later.

If Jackson was hitting today, he'd hit 500 home runs. He and Ruth. He was that good. Tremendous hitter. He turned to be a black sox, you know. But such a wonderful hitter. Course you can't compare him with Ruth, cause Ruth to me was the most ~~feared~~ feared hitter in baseball. Cobb was the greatest player of all time, I think, that I ever saw, though. He could do everything a little bit better than everybody else, excetp hit home runs. ~~Rx~~ He could run, throw, slide. Not to strong an arm, but he could throw it in, and he could hit anyplace ~~he~~ wanted to. He could hit down the right field and left field lines, through the box, why anyplace at all! But he couldn't compare with Ruth as a swatter! Ruth might have been a better defense outfielder, too. But Ruth could never run like Cobb, of course. Ruth knew where the batter hit, pretty well. He had that real baseball instinck and a wonderful arm. Very accurate. Never threw to the wrong base once! Wonderful arm. He was with every pitch. ~~Thinks~~ Now, Jackson wasn't very smart at all, you know, but he could hit! In his day, Jackson was probably the best hitting ballplayer there was. Has a tremendous average. Very sociable fellow, you know. Nice fellow, ~~ex~~

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and to the young players coming up, too. You sure do remember that, when you're coming up, someone being nine to you. Joe Jackson was the kind of fellow that liked everybody.

Course I'll never, never, never forget the way those fellows treated me when I first come up. They were just wonderful. I just hated to leave that bunch of fellows. They were just like big brothers. I was just a big country boy, you know, just out of the woods here. They made me feel at home.

Lou Blue was really a fancy dan. ^{at first place.} And Joe Judge and Joe Cool. They were, with Stuffy Mcinnis and Chance, way ahead of them all. Ahead of Sisler. Way ahead. Course Sisler was wone of the best hitting first basemen. But those four were really the best. Just wonderful basemen. I don't think Lou Gehrig was a s good as those fellows. Lou was plenty good enough, but he wasn't fancy ~~like~~ like those fellows, they'd pick those balls out of the dirst so quick, and I've seen Stuffy McInnin lay flat on the ground and reach over and catch balls, with his toe on the bag! He was a short fellow but he could stretch an awful long ways.

But Ruth, to me was the f~~el~~low that, if you didn't want your game busted up, in the last innings with someone on, don't pitch to him! Lot of pitchers felt that way. He'd get a piece of that ball, and even if he

only got a piece of it, it'd score a man on first base. He was that strong
And he used a 54 ounce bat, just about.

Now Cobb was a different kind of hitter from Ruth. Ruth was a slugger but Cobb was a hitter and a hitter ~~was~~ who chokes up on that bat a bit, like Cobb did, is a little bit harder to fool than the hard swinger like Ruth, Gehrig and Simmons. But I'd rather pitch to hard swinging fellows than a fellow like Cobb.

Course the ball kept getting livlier, you could tell from the way they hit.

Now Ruth wasn't a real muscular fellow, but he had a tremendous grip with his hands. What a shame that he had to die so young. He was so good for baseball. And he was good at functions, you know, for kids and hospitals and all. Oh, he was loved by the kids. Why if he was taking his car out of the ballpark, after a game, you know, why you couldn't even tell there was a car there, with all the kids hanging on and all.

Oh, they tagged me Sad Sam over therein New York. I got that from Bill McGeehan. He was a newspaper man with the Tribune, Herald Tribune. Ford Frick told me this story: You know, when I was pitching I was the only fellow would pull his cap down real low over the face. Guess it looked like I was mad~~x~~, or something, you know. Well, the newspaper fellows said,

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I wonder what's the matter with that fellow Jones. Don't seem to be anything the matter with him, but you see him going across the field into the dugout with his ~~fa~~ cap pulled down over his face, never looks around. Well, Frick says, that they said they were more used to fellows like Hoyt pulling their caps back and looking for pretty girls! Well, he says, don't know what's wrong with him. Always looks like he's sad. Sad Sam. Well, that just stuck together from then on. And Bill used to write, when I pitched, Sad Sam, the Sorrowful Sage from Woodsfield! I like that Sorrowful Sage!

Well, I never failed to take any advise, and I would ask. Course you had to be little careful about who you'd ask. My idea about getting a point of view is to feel your way along. I was observing whenever I sat on the bench. I ~~was~~ used to get blamed for everything that went wrong in the clubhouse. As a rule, if someone's shoes were nailed down, or socks tied in knots, pranks like that...I always got the blame. But I always had a lot of friends. Everybody and me was friends. I could borrow money off any of them, if I had to. Oh, that was a wonderful group. ~~That~~ Those Cleveland years, they were.....fact I liked them everywhere I went. I suspect that if I had it to do over again, I would. Nice life. The base ball life is a wonderful like. You can almost make any kind of a life

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out of it that you choose. There's so many opportunities. I met a lot of nice people.

Me and a fellow by the name of Thomas and about 55,000 dollars were traded to Boston for Tris Speaker. When I went over to Boston that pitching staff was one of the best of all times. They had George Foster (they called him Gooseegg) Ernie Shaw~~k~~, Babe Ruth, Carl Mays, Dutch Leonard. Five regular pitchers, and good ones, every one of them. Herb Pennuck come up after I was there. We won the pennant that year, 1916, no 1918. (?) Leonard went into the Navy, Shaw went to the Navy, they had to pitch me.

Shaw had a perfect game, you know.

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~~Shaw~~ pitched a no-hit game on September the fourth, 1923. I realized it as I was going along. Against the Phila. A's. chick Galloway was the last batter up and he says, I'm going to break it up, if I can! And he bunted down the third base line. Well, I went over and fielded the ball and thre him out. Right after that I pitched 6 -2/3 innings of perfect ball. Round about 3 or 4 innings you begin to realize that nobody got on base yet or nobody'g got a hit yet. I don't remember that there was any pressure building up....but toward the end of the game, boy you sure do get tired. When I come back to the bench after the innings, no one would say a word to me about no hitter or anything. And the score

boards then, they only gave the score, see, didn't give the run of the innings like they do now.

But the biggest thrill...course immediately after the game was over the fans and all the players just flocked down on the field and congratulated me. But the biggest kick I got out of it was going home (it's only 90 miles to Cleveland, you know) sfter it. They let me go home. And there they broughtme a handful of telegrams from allover the country! Now I sat down to open and read those telegrams from friends all over the country, and boy that was a big kick for me. Bigger than playing in the ball game!

I liked playing for the Yankees. I always liked the Yankees the best to paly for. Now, the Yankees have always had plenty of money. Jake Rupert was a millionaire owner when I went there. And they drew to pretty good crowds and they won three pennants of the five years I was there! And they did things in a big way. What more could you ask? I was there when the Stadium was opened up. From '22 to '26 I was there. Yankees was a club that, well, when the season was over they'd give eabh ~~x~~ player three brank new baseballs. No other club ever did that. Oh, it was a good club ~~to~~ play with. We had a fine ballclub too. Much better than that one playing over there now. We had six starting pitchers! Think of it! We once

played three double headers in three days, and we had six pitcher. Well, those six pitchers won six games. Sharkey, Pennock, Schocker, Mays, Bush Hoyt, myself. Seven, no I guess Schocker wasn't there yet.

Course the St. Louis Browns was always real tough for me to beat.

I always played on teams with real great outfielders. Hooper, Lous, Speaker, I played against. I think Coombs, Meusel, Ruth, that was an ~~ex~~ outfield, that Meusel had an arm long as this room. You know you got to exaggerate just a little when you talk to men that understand the game, right? No, he got his hands on a ball, it was in there. Never dropped a ball. Coombs didn't have too good an arm, but he could really

And Ruth, well you can say about him: get around, he was fast. / He was a champion, and that's says everything.

Lou Gehrig was a very nice fellow. He was a fellow that always knew you.

You know, I played for a lot of famous managers during those years I played baseball. Lou Foul, Ed Barrow, at Boston, Hugh Duffy (hit 420 once, you know), and Miller Huggins, Jimmy Dykes, Walter Johnson, Bucky Harris. Do you happen to remember an old Cincinnati ballplayer, left hande outfielder, Tommy Griffith? Well, he and his wife came out here to visit once, and we got to talking baseball. We talked about managers, and I said the only real problems that a manager had to think about is pitching. All

All the rest of those eight fellows know exactly what to do with that ball when they get it, or they wouldn't be out there. But a pitcher... well, he had to know how to handle his pitchers, when to take them out and when to put them in, and who to put in when. As Bill Carrigan always said: You're first guess is your best one. And I think He's right. And when he said guess, why that's just what it is. If a manager picks a fellow for pinch hitter out of say, three fellows, why that's just a guess. He has no assurance that he's going to deliver, or that he's not. I think that a ^{player} ~~manager~~, if he makes a study of the game, knows just when he should and when he shouldn't steal a base. I remember once when Goose Goslin was on first base, Bucky Harris was managing. Goose run down at a very poor time, to second. Out. Bucky said, just what was your idea of going down to second. Goose says, Well, I thought I had a good lead, that's all. But He was a good manager, Bucky. Lot of them didn't like him, thought he had a swelled head and all that stuff, you know. But I really liked him. Got along with Miller Huggins, too. Very well. He could cool all those fellows like Ruth, you know, the superstars, with a \$5,000 fine! Huggins made a rule that everyone had to be in by 1 o'clock. Really made that rule for Ruth. But he didn't say 1 AM or 1 PM! Course It was usually 1 PM!

Yankee Stadium's a good place to play ball. So's The White Sox stadium.

Now that Neff, he's an awfully nice fellow. Stengle hit a home run off me in that game. And after he hit the home run, he run around the bases, giving me that, you know. And the crowd was really on Casey. Oh, they booed him good. Now, that Neff game.....

Yeah, McGraw didn't say it to me, but he did say it to somebody, that the best pitcher didn't win in that game! And that game stood as the only 1 - 0 game up until, I think Feller or Spahn beat one another or something like that.

Dan Hawleyjust played one year with him and we finished hopelessly last with the St. Louis Browns, then. But I really liked him. Walter Johnson wasn't really a good manager. Everybody always said that Walter was too hardheaded. You couldn't talk to him. His way was the only way! Yes, that's right. Awfully nice fellow, but just not a manager. Now, I got along with him alright, but he and I did have one falling out. He sent me home wnce, from Washington. Big headlines "Johnson sends Jones home!" I asked him if I could pitch batting practice, up there in Boston. He said, all right. So I got all warmed up for it, and I don't know, in batting practice, everybody likes to pitch their best balls, you know.

So, a little while later, Walter come down and says, Sam , let this young fellow pitch. Some kind of kid getting a trial, I supposed. So I just took the ball and whammed it into the dugout. Oh, he says, big star, huh. Well, I don't know what I said to him, but I kept on arguing. And finally Walter says, Go on into that Clubhouse and take your uniform off. So, I mumbled OK, OK. So, the next day it rained. We , a couple of us, were going to go down the street to a picture show, when we were getting into a taxi, and I was still mad, you know, and Walter gets in too. I says, Let me out of this cab. Well, I went back into the hotel. Storming. Stuffy McInnis comes up to me and whispers, "Go on, tell him you're sorry" I says, no, I'm not going to say a damn word to him. You know, I was contrary in those days, had a little temper, you know. Anyone who don't have a little temper ain't worth more than a nickle! So Eddie Eiman, the traveling sec'y says, I got a ticket for you for Woodshole. So, I went right to the ball park the next morning and stormed in to see Mr. Griffith and told him about the to do and ~~xx~~ I says, I don't care what you want to do with me, but I ain't going to apologize to him. I says, I don't owe him any apology. That's all right, says Mr. Griffith, I don't think you owe him an apology either. Well, when the ~~xx~~ club come down to the park, I said, he told me the take the uniform off and I ain't putting it on till he tells me

And we was good friends ever since.

Ed Barrows, too, one time I had the biggest blow up with him, but after that nobody was better to me than Ed Barrows. Wehn our boy was born, he let me come one home here and stay 10 days! He had got the reputation of being real hard, but that was down in the minors. When he come up to the majors, why hee got a little better.

I remember once in '18, they had to pitch me. I had gone home to go to the army and reported to the draft board, but they had changed my status from 1A to 2B, cause I'd been married, see. Well, I didn't hear from the ~~White~~ Red Sox at all. As it happens, one of the boys here in town went to one of the games over ~~in Chicago~~ in Spring Training. He looked around and said, where's Sam Jones. Oh, he's over at the army, they says. Oh no he isn't, he says, cause I'm from his home town, and I know him well. He's not in the army. Oh, yes he is, he left last fall to go into the Army, and he's in the army now. So they got a little curious about my being or not being in the Army and had Ed Barrow send me a telegram. Says: Where is Sam. What Army camp is he in. So I answered: I am home, still ^{waiting} ~~wixing~~ to ~~hear~~ hear from the Red Sox. Well, they quick got me to go to Spring Training and drew up a contract. They'd have to have me, you know, cause everyone else was in the service.

I liked Spring Training. I always worked hard. I trained hard. I was in condition any time I walked out to that mound. I hadn't been drunk the night before or anything like that. I was in shape.

Anyway, I had a good year that year, and I guess I was kind of cocky as all pitchers will get when they have a good year. Well, a newspaper man and a photographer was around the clubhouse, one day. I was playing checkers there in the clubhouse. I had pitched the day before and I was playing with the boy who had just finished pitching batting practice.

His name was Kinney, left handed pitcher. Young fellow. Well, a kid comes in and says, Mr. Barrow wants you to come out right away and have your picture taken. ~~Kid~~ OK, I says, I'll be right out. ~~Kid~~ comes back again. Mr. Barret wants you to come out right ~~wa~~ away. OK, I says, tell him I'll be out in just a minute. Well, next time, Barret comes in himself, and, you know, he was a pretty rough talker and he got on me for sitting in there playing checkers when they wanted to take my picture. And what are you doing in here, anyway, he says. Well, I pitched yesterday, and he just pitched batting practice and I didn't think that either one of us had any business out there necessarily, just now. Well, he says, the man come all the way from Providence to take your picture. Yes, I says, and he can go all the way back without it. Well, he turned on his heel, went all

the way out, turned around and come right back in again. Now, there's where I thought he was going to be real rough, you know, sock me in the jaw or something. Well, he walks up to me and says, Well, this costs you \$100 young man. I says, make it \$200. He says, We'll make it \$200. I says, make it \$300 and then go to hell. Well, he says, we'll make it \$300. And he went out. And I went out and had my picture taken with Mr. Barret next to me, smiling, arms around each other, best freinds ever, looked like. He didn't like that. You know, he was known to sock a player. I thought he might have been getting ready to do that to me, so I was kind of getting ready to give up my hand. He was a real big man, you know, and had those fantastic eyebrows. But, you know, after that, he'd give me every advantage. I'd pitch for him any time he wanted me to. Anything! Why we was stuck one time against Covelski, and he was looking up and down the bench (I had pitched the day before) and finally he says, Sam, would you warm up and go in there for us? I says, sure and I warmed up. Well when I was all warmed up I come back again and says, Well, I don't think I got much today, but I'll go out there for you. Good, he says, I know you'll at least look like a pitcher!. I don't do things like that for him. And he did anything for me.

Well, I saw a lot of good pitchers. Never saw Cy Young pitch, though. Saw Grove come up and develop. Walter Johnson, of course, have to put him in the category of the best. If he had had a team behind him like some of the other clubs that had some hitters (Washington didn't have too much hitting power, when he hit his prime) if he had had a Ruth, or a Lazzeri, or a Meusel or fellows like that, why he'd of never lost a game! He just threw that ball, similar to Feller, so fast you just didn't see it. He had a very ordinary curve. In fact, I heard all the good fellows say that he did you a favor when he threw you a curve. But his fast. Oh, it was fast. I'd have a hold right through me today, if I hadn't have stepped back quick one day. Just tipped my shirt here. Oh, he was awful fast. So easy-like and those long arms. Had arms almost to his knees. Hung down there so. I have some moving pictures of him and if you could see his arms hanging down there, you'd see how long they were. And a side arm pitcher. He'd come around that side arm and I mean it was tough. They say that he could throw a ball about 98 miles an hour. Feller about the same, but Feller was more herky-jerky. nobody was ~~after~~ afraid of hitting against Johnson, he was smooth and he had control. But Feller was more or less wild and loose. That's why, maybe they couldn't hit Johnson and hit him...but they didn't hit him too much. Look at his record.

I never saw Alexander pitch very much. But I did see he had a

peculiar style. ~~The ball left the hand, then the foot hit the ground!~~

~~hand~~ Fantastic. Slap that foot down after the ball left his hand.

See, ordinarily, we pitchers would throw the ball after the foot went down.

Day he struck out Laxxeri, I never heard an ovation like that in my life.

Kept yelling all the time he was acoming across the field to the ~~dugout~~ mound.

from the bull pen.

Well, I knew how to pitch~~s~~. I'll say that for myself. May be bragging a bit, but I'll say it. I really could never quite understand why nobody was ever interested in me as a coach, now that you ask. I'll say that I was an independent and was never appeared interested. Course some fellows always look for a job. And i guess that if you don't push yourself in, unless you got some particular friends, you ain't going to get in. No, I'd just as leave walk down the street with some young kid just come up, as I would with Earl Coombs, Bob Meusel, and talk baseball.

I never had to have, like some fellows, bosom Friends. You know over 5 years, one time, I never threw to first base to chase a runner back.

Believe it or no~~b~~ Ripley had that one in the Sunday paper with a life size picture of me. Five years in the major leagues. They'd all say,

get off there, get off ~~h~~ere, he won't throw, never throws. Well, I didn't

for five years, but then I fooled them and I threw! Yep, five years, never chased a runner back! Now the reason for that is that I heard Eddie Planck once say that there's just so many throws in that there arm and I don't believe in wasting them over there! And he rarely threw to first, too. Well, I thought if that's good for him, I'm just a young punck, I might as well try that too.

You know, those are wasted throws. Its just as easy to keep a man on and not throw over there as it is to throw. Now, if you're standing, see, I stood just a little bit differenty in the box from anybody I ever saw, here's the rubber, well, I'm standing on that with this foot. On the rubber, the spikes right across the edge of the rubber, with my ~~face~~ shoulder from third base to first base. I could see that first base just as easily as anything. Didn't have to turn my body around at all. And if I stand long enough and look at first base, why he can't stand it and keeps jumping. He just can't run once I start and if he don't take that step back, that hitter'l step out and it will start all over again! If you just wait, he'll go back and you can pitch...or this fellow will step out!

They didn't steal on me much. I'll tell you. Well, Cobb, you always had to watch him, all right. I'd be standing on the mound tossing the ball up in the air, and he'd say, toss it up just a little higher. Well

I'll toss it up a bit all right, but not too high, cause he'd be running to second! He'd take watching. Well, they'd steal of me sometimes, but not much.

Two hour game was a long game when I was playing, you know. Now its three hours for a game. Pitchers take a good bit of time today. Seems to me they take a good deal of more time than they used to. You know, Bill McGowan used to ask me, Who's going to pitch today? And I'd say, why I am, and he says, Good, cause I got to catch a train and I want to get out of the park in a hurry!

Course they think they're better today than we were, but I think we were at least just as good. We didn't have those wild pitchers. We didn't have so many bases on balls. Didn't have near the home runs they have, of course. Frank Baker got his name by hitting 7 or 9 home runs. Ruth, of course, was an expection. It was years before Foxx and Greengerg got close. But now, everybody.

Now, I don't think anything about that record that Wills set stealing bases! Nobody ever, ever come close to Cobb's 96. And he himself never did. And wills never did and never will. I doubt seriously if Wills is the baserunner that Cobb was. Everett Scott used to say: Was you ever standing on a railroad track and a freight train coming down there helter

skelter? Well, that's just the way you'd stand looking at Cobb coming in. You'd never know which way he was going to slide in on you. Left side, right side. Why he'd slide clear around that base and reach back, while you're trying to gag his legs or his hips. And he'd cut you if you was in the way. ~~Hexjux~~ Not necessarily, but he just thought that he was entitled to that bag. If you get cut, you get cut. He played to win. I was one of the few fellows that Cobb would talk to. Don't know why, but he used to come from the outfield and talk to me several times. He told me about Gehring, first. Said, Sam we got one of the best second basemen in the business, Charlie Gehring. And he proved to be just that. Yep, he'd talk to me. But he wasn't much liked.

You probably don't know that Cobb was once almost put out of the league. He and Tris Speaker both. But Cobb and Speaker being two such popular players, they just couldn't let that get out. So, they switched them over to Mr. Mack and the league paid half their salaries. Nobody could understand that, but that's what it was. I was with St. Louis and Cobb was with the Athletics, back in '27, and he knocked me out of there in no time. Well, Cobb got out of the game and come across the outfield, looking for me. He was only wanting to be kidding, but I was very mad, cause they were taking me out. Now that was the year that if you were taken out

taken out of the ballgame you weren't allowed to go sit on the bench, you had to go up and take a shower, and change your clothes, and then it was all right to come down. So I did that, and I saw Cobb coming across the field and his eyes going up and down the bench, looking for me, I was ~~siggx~~ sitting in back. And he comes over to ~~x~~ me and laughs and says, well, you got yourself right out of that game, didn't you? Yeah, I says, and you damn near had yourself right out of the league last year! Oh boy, I might just as well have rammed him with a dagger. He looked at me and his hands balled up and he says, Sam I wouldn't have thought you'd have said that, and if you'd have been a gentleman, you wouldn't have said it. I said, if that's the way you feel, the feeling is mutual! And we never spoke again! Saw him again after that and everyone come around him and all, but never spoke to me. Never again! I felt sort of badly in his reclining years. Never would speak to me again!

Oh, I'd get mad as could be when I got knocked out of the box or got taken out. It didn't matter if any of the players made a boot or anything, I just got mad at myself. Oh, did I get mad!

Talking about Cobb...I remember once I was going to pitch against the Detroit club in Detroit one year and Cobb was the manager then. Howard Emke was on his team then. I think he and Cobb never got along. Had a real fight or two. Cobb was strong, though. He'd fight you today and then fight you again tomorrow. You couldn't whip him by just whipping him, you'd have to whip him tomorrow too. Well, however, after batting practice I sat on the bench long enough to see who was going to pitch. I was pitching for the Yankees. Harry Heilmann told me this story, that 's how I know. Well, they went on in to the clubhouse, and they'd usually take the top of the lineup and the pitcher would tell how he would pitch to ~~some~~ so and so, right down the line, and where do you want your outfield, and all. So, they're going over our lineup and they said, well, now Jones is going to pitch. I want you pitchers to watch this fellow pitch out here today. Especially you, Emke, and maybe you'll learn something. So you see, he really liked me. Just wanted to tell that story cause it proved that he really did like me, even if we didn't ever speak!